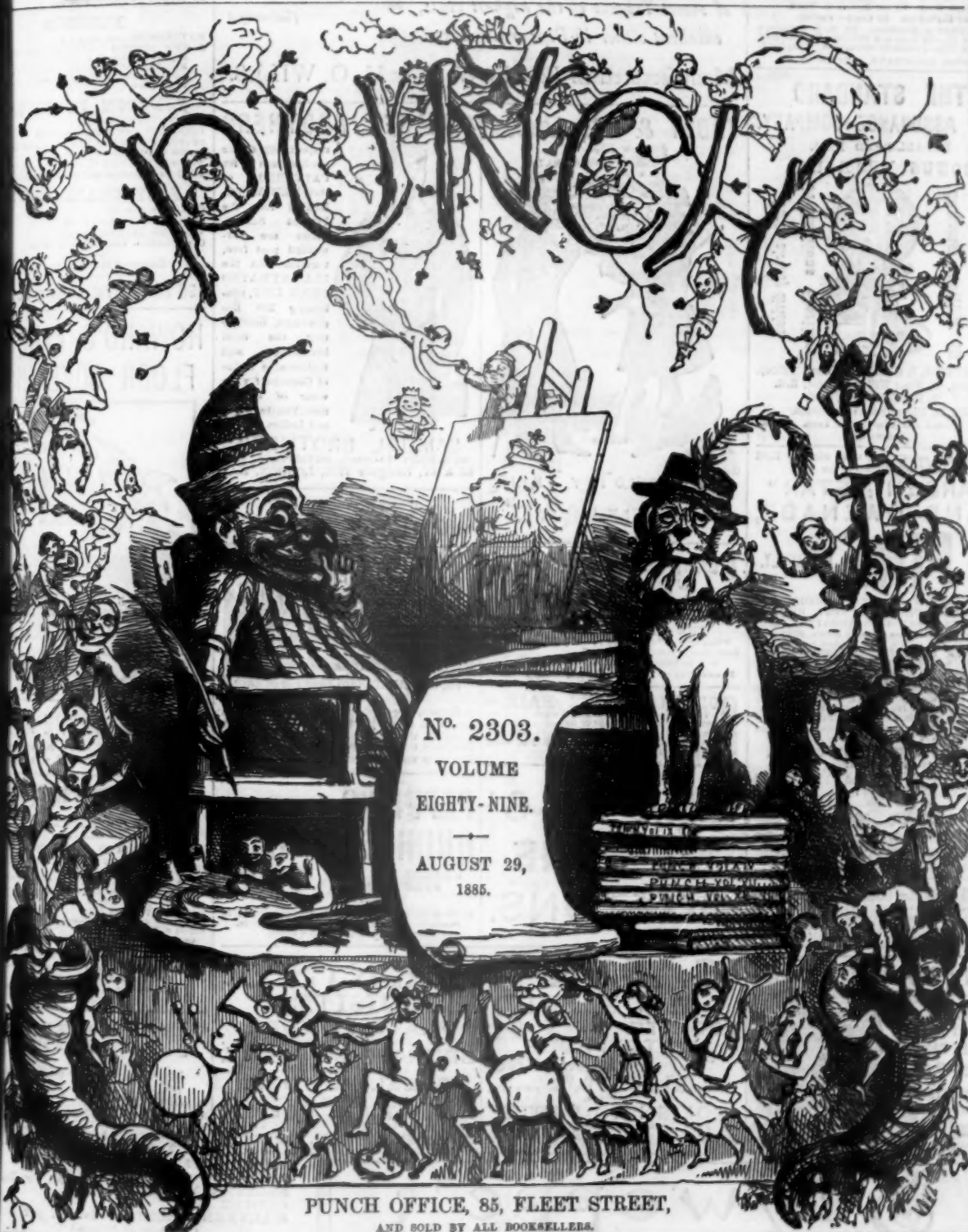


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 Table d'Hôte in particular having had  
 object of special attention.  
 On the 1st September next will be introduced  
 Dinners at 8 frs. Wine included  
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## YACHTING.

*Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.*

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Short Manned.

## VERY WELL OUT OF IT;

*Or, Finishing Up at Portsmouth.*

THE Lords of the Admiralty, whose recent heroic movements in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth have been duly chronicled in the columns of the daily Press, again continued and finally concluded their exciting tour of inspection yesterday, under even still more novel and interesting conditions. It having been arranged that, in addition to their previous experiences, all more or less calculated to familiarise them with the practical details of their official work, they should still further be subjected to the personal inconvenience attendant on a night-attack by an enemy "supposed to be in full force, supported by a torpedo squadron on three sides;" their Lordships, after having retired to rest at their several hotels, were suddenly roused, and hurried off with scarcely time to dress comfortably, in one or two steam pinnaces, waiting to take them to the scene of action.

This feat was courteously but efficiently accomplished by the controller, who, notwithstanding the apparent lack of interest shown by some of the official party, who were at first huddled rather sleepily and unceremoniously into the stern, managed by the judicious use of the electric-light and steam-whistle combined with the cold morning air, and an occasional wash of spray, to excite their flagging interest in the nature of the important manoeuvre in which they found themselves engaged.

The attack having been, after a good two hours' heavy shrapnel practice in the dark, "repulsed," their Lordships, who were now fairly awake, expressed their entire satisfaction with the proceedings, and were about to return to their respective hotels to finish their night's rest, when the Admiral, who had prepared a pleasant surprise for them, in the shape of a morning cruise in the new patent "rocking" vessel, *Tumbler*, designed for the purpose of accustoming Admirals on the Half-Pay List to recover, in any emergency, the use of their sea-legs, cleverly intercepted them.

Taken at a brisk rate some ten miles out and home again, their Lordships, who were thus enabled before breakfast to experience all the sensations common to a severe Channel passage, on leaving the ingeniously-contrived craft, again expressed their entire satisfaction, and were looking anxiously for some conveyance to carry them in the direction of the town, when they were met by the Surveyor of Dockyards, who at once suggested an inspection of the proposed site for the Marine Bowling-Green, about which there had been considerable difference of opinion, and which happened to be not more than two miles and a half distant from the spot where they had been landed.

On their way to the proposed site their Lordships had, moreover, the opportunity of trying the new Macpherson iron-elad fire-escape, that in action is meant to facilitate the safety of combatants leaving a sinking ship, and in time of peace can be utilised as a series of *douche* baths, supplied with hot or cold water as inclination or necessity may direct.

Their Lordships having experienced the efficacy of this admirable new invention in both capacities, the First Lord, who said he thought that he might possibly be recalled to town immediately, was about to signal by heliograph for a four-wheeler from Upnor, when the official party were again taken off bodily, though this time

not without some slight protest, to inspect the bursting of obsolete muzzle-loaders by the new heavy ordnance charges at the open practice-grounds at the back of Whale Island. Having witnessed these interesting experiments for some considerable time in a somnolent condition, it was now announced to their Lordships, who had to be awakened with a fog-signal, that the *Enchantress* was in sight, upon which, after they had expressed the greatest satisfaction at this intelligence, they made a hurried rally for the landing-stage, and, spite of the almost active intervention of the Colonel, acting as deputy-director of works, who obstinately insisted on their seeing some mortar practice, managed ultimately, after a prolonged altercation ending in a somewhat unseemly scuffle, to get once again safely on board their own yacht.

Their Lordships attended the official dinner given by the Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the evening, but left early, in several batches, for unknown destinations, without leaving any addresses. The proposed "supplementary night surprise," planned for their special entertainment after the conclusion of the Seamen and Marines Orphan Asylum Ball, will, it is rumoured, in consequence possibly hang fire.

## A DISENCHANTED CASTLE.

"To be Sold" an old Castle of feudal renown;  
For its Lords, well-a-day! in the world have gone down;  
And their latest descendant, who  
haply can't let,  
Has concluded to sell it for what  
he can get.



On View.

It dates back to the dark days, on  
History's page,  
Of the bows, and the bills, and  
the battle-axe age.  
'Tis a massive, stone-built, medi-  
eval stronghold,  
And a family seat, and it's now  
to be sold!

It bears bulwarks and battle-  
ments, turrets and towers,  
That stand, fast as live rocks, all the storms and the showers,  
On its walls there's a "weeping-stone," no one knows why,  
Which is dry in damp weather, and dripping in dry.

It has dungeons, a chamber where mur-  
der, of yore,  
Hath left blood-stains, which won't be  
washed out of the floor,  
And a room with a secret that no'er must  
be known,  
As 'twould carry a terrible curse were it  
"blown."

Up and down the grand staircase, at  
times to be seen,  
A spectral "Green Lady" walks, gruc-  
some and green,  
Which betokens that somebody's going  
to die;  
'Tis a notice to quit—a memento mōrt.

There's a ban on the building; the tale  
goes that ne'er  
Within those old walls will be born a  
male heir

Till a spell shall be broken; and, sooth, it appears  
No such boy has been born there for five hundred years.



The Castle Spectre.

This ancestral old Keep, with the  
broad lands that lie  
All around it, Sir GORGIOUS MIDAS  
may buy,  
Though he drop all his sitches,  
he'll be a fine host,  
Lay wagers, lay wine down,—  
will he lay the Ghost?

Oh, the weeping-stone, then will  
it weep any more?  
Will the stains still refuse to  
come out of the floor?  
Will the Green Lady warn the  
smug Millionaire?  
And how about GORGIOUS MIDAS's  
heir?



Tobacco and Spirit.

## BUMBLE TO THE BEEFEATER.



I've been reading in the paper, Mr. Beefeater, as how  
The LORD CHAMBERLAIN is having of a game with you jest now,  
And is doing of his best to make you look a rummy card,  
Much more like a prison-warrior than a Yeoman of the Guard.

'Twas the Liberals—or BOBBY LOWE at least—as I've heard say,  
In a fit of public-spirited economy one day  
On the 'andsome silver badge upon your arm who made a pounce,  
And then sold it to a silversmith at four-and-two the hounce.

Shortly arter, bit by bit, they took away your swagger clo'es,  
First your doublet, then your ruff, and then your plummy damaak hose,  
Gave you bluchers for to wear, instead of brilliant buckle shoes,  
Put you into vulgar trousers and a pennytenshal blouse.

Last of all, I'm told, the Chamberlain—a Tory, by the way—  
Has deprived you of your velvet cap, that used to look so gay,  
And bestowed on you a "pattern-hat" some Army-tailor chose,  
Sech as farmers sticks up on a pole to scare away the crows.

Wrongs like yours, my ill-used Yeoman, BUMBLE's sympathy may claim,  
And he pities you sincerely in your sorrow and your shame;  
But you ain't the honly tiptop hinstitooshun in the land  
Upon which the low hiconoclask has laid his sordid hand.

Look at Me! Why, bless your 'cart, it ain't so very long ago  
That my duds was jest as spiff as any London had to show;  
I looked down with 'aughty scorn upon the Harmy and Perlice,  
And was quite as big a toff as what the Frenchies call a "Sweess."

But them fellers in the Press, as always prates about Reform,  
For porochial hinstitooshuns made it most uncommon warm,  
And partiklerly for me and other Beedles, whom they classed  
With "the useless, bloated relics of a quaint barbaric past."

I was wrote of as "the stupidest anomaly e'er seen,"  
And a vile anakrinizzum—whatsoever that may mean—  
Till the Vestrymen got frightened, and decided it was best  
That the splendours of the Beadle should be totally suppressed.

So they cruelly despoiled me of my three-eaped rockylors,  
Of the buckles and the "shorts" that on my nether-man I wore,

Of the hat, thrice-cooked and laced with gold, that was  
my special pride,  
And the silver-topped rattan with which the boys I used  
to hide.

Thus transformed into the despicable hobjeck that you  
see,  
I stand gazing on the picter of the swell I used to be;  
And I feels convinced Old England must be going to the  
dogs.  
When her Beefeaters and Beedles has to wear sech  
common togs.

## "VILLANY TRIUMPHANT."

In the new melodrama, *Hoodman Blind*, at the Princess's Theatre, the Villain of the piece obtains the entire sympathy of the audience in consequence of the vengeance meted out to him by the hero. One of the Authors (Mr. JONES) some little while ago lectured and wrote about the Mission of the Dramatist, which seemed in his opinion to be closely allied to that of the preacher. So be it. But surely this is a new departure? Villany is accustomed to be hissed through three Acts of a piece while employed in successful fraud, and in the fourth to die, defeated in the end, amidst the jeers of a scornful and exultant Gallery. But with Mr. JONES's *Hoodman Blind* as a model, the end of a play will be in future something like the following, which we publish as a guide for young dramatists in general, and Messrs. BOCICAULT, SIMA, and MERRITT in particular:—

SCENE—The Zoological Gardens. Enter Villain, exultingly. He looks at his Watch.

Villain. In ten minutes' time she will be here, and then away to Italy with his bride, and a fortune of ten thousand a year! How my plans have prospered! The poison I provided disposed of my uncle, the fire I kindled burnt my mother, and the mine I exploded blew to atoms my grandfather. It was a clever thought to scuttle the ship, forge those wills, and destroy that marriage-register! (Enter Hero in the dress of a Keeper.) Here she comes—at last!

Hero (confronting Villain). Yes, at last! Face to face! Your hour has arrived, RALPH BLACKHEART, and you cannot escape!

Villain (trembling). What right have you to stop me?  
Hero. Because I am—(throwing off false whiskers, &c.)—ARTHUR TURNPIPOT the Avenger!

Villain (aghast). ARTHUR TURNPIPOT!  
Hero (repeating). The Avenger! And now meet your fate! (Opens cage containing Lions. Villain fights them. Villain (breathless after killing his last Lioness). Have you no mercy?

Hero. None. And now for the serpents!  
(Opens glass-cases. Terrible encounter with poisonous Reptiles.

Villain (wounded, weary, but still the conqueror). Once more, mercy! (Applause from audience.

Hero. Never! Let me see how you like the wild Elephants!

(Opens Wild Elephant-house. The infuriated animals trample upon Villain.

Villain (gasping). Have you no heart? See, I still live! Surely it is time for forgiveness!

Hero. No! Lions, Cobras, Jumbos, all powerless to kill you. Then but one course is open to me. Police!

Enter Constable, who seizes Villain and takes him into custody.

Villain (struggling). In the hands of the law! My name dishonoured, my memory a disgrace! Never! (Suddenly takes poison.) I can but die! (Turns up his eyes to the flies.) Forgiveness!

(Dies. Immense applause from the audience. Hero (embracing Heroine, who has rushed in). My own, my love! Never to part again!

(Dead silence from the audience. Curtain. Loud calls for the Villain, who is enthusiastically cheered on his appearance. MORAL.—Doubtful!

EN?—The representatives of the Shipping Interest speak of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a "reckless politician." Can this be because he is in favour of a "wreck-less" policy?

## THE ROWERS ON THE LEA.

(AIR—"The Miller on the Dec.")

THERE went a party forth to row  
Upon the River Lea;  
They started off as blithe as larks,  
And sang most merrilee;  
And this the burden of their song  
For ever used to be—  
"We envy nobody in the world,  
But don't they envy we!"

"You're wrong, my friends!" the  
Boatman cried,  
"As wrong as wrong can be;  
No boating now is to be had  
Upon the River Lea,  
The fishing too has gone to grief,  
The anglers sniff—and flee;  
And why? Because the stream's a  
sewer,  
As you will shortly see."

The party laughed in merry scorn,  
They took a boat so free;  
"We love to row," they all declared,  
"Whate'er the water be,  
No noisome odours shall prevent  
Our vespertinal spree;  
It is the Londoner's delight,  
This limpid River Lea!"

Alas! Within a brief half-hour,  
They sang, but not in glee,  
"We envy folk upon the bank,  
But they don't envy we!  
For why? We feel inclined to faint,  
We're sick as sick can be;  
We've all got germs of Typhoid from  
This rowing on the Lea!"

## THE S. A. MANŒUVRES.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

A BRISK engagement has occurred between the Derby Corps of the Salvation Army and a body of insurgents. There seems to have been serious fighting.

Army accused of making an undue use of their band in kicking up a row. Summonses issued against some of them for disturbing the peace; the Authorities not recognising their claim to belligerent rights.

Last night the Corps made another demonstration. Were followed to the market-place by tag-rag-and-bobtail, whose movement was, in the meanwhile, confined to a reconnaissance.

The Salvationeers, arriving on that ground, one of their mounted officers shook a stick at the police. Signal for commencement of hostilities. The Corps immediately charged by the mob, their drum smashed, their infantry bonneted, their cavalry pulled to the ground, and their squad in general scattered. Corps fallen back on barracks, bombarded by crowd, flinging addled eggs and dead cats, throwing stones and smashing windows. Tremendous uproar.

The *file* of the Salvation Army constitute a crack regiment, entitled the "Salvation Life Guards."

Have the Salvationist forces any "Sappers and Miners"? We are not aware, but their silly and ridiculous demonstrations tend altogether to sap and undermine, if not to revolt, every idea of reverence. Their performances in the streets with their banners, drums, and tambourine girls are, in fact, only fit for a Booth. Well—save us from the Salvationists!

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Modern (Irish) Version.

Titania... HIBERNIA. Bottom... "THE STUPID PARTY." Puck... Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



Bottom sings:—

SING in the Liberal nest! A lark  
The Cuckoo thus to play!  
With the Rad Sparrow, which doth mark  
But dares not say me nay.

For, indeed, what can his vaunted wit now avail against what he deems but, an it were, a foolish bird? Can he give me the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo!" never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle Party, sing again!

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,  
So is my mind resolved with thee to vote,  
And thy fair promises perforce do move me  
To swear that—for awhile at least—I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays. But I can gloze upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Puck. Ah! these two are now at one!—  
I foresee no end of fun!  
For those things do best please me  
That befall preposterously.

[Winks.]

## VERB. SAP.!

If Sir RICHARD CROSS, our new Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary, had stopped it at the outset, we should have been spared the spectacle of an eminent Cardinal, an Archbishop, some Bishops, and Clergy, all with their fingers in a mud-pie. Scarcely a journal appears without some report, or paragraph, about Societies for the Protection of Girls, while so-called "religious papers" recommend the establishment everywhere of Vigilance Committees. If this state of things continues, we shall need several well-organised Societies for the Protection of Men to guard "man, poor man," against such evil-speaking, lying, slandering, and black-mailing, as will be engendered by these Schools for Scandal called Vigilance Committees. But who is to watch these irresponsible spies? Undoubtedly the Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary, with the Public Prosecutor, wide-awake for once, at his elbow. Vigilance Committees can only exist where the Law is powerless. The public has been favoured with some very clear expositions of the moral views of these self-elected Custodians, and the Armstrong case afforded sufficient ground for the intervention of the Strong Arm of the Law.





## NE PLUS ULTRA.

"ONLY FANCY, GRANDPAPA, I MADE THIRTEEN MISTAKES IN MY FRENCH EXERCISE!"

"OH, I DARE SAY I SHOULD HAVE MADE MORE, MY DARLING!"

"OH NO, YOU WOULDN'T! THERE WERE ONLY THIRTEEN WORDS!"

## THE TALE OF A WHALE.

I stood by Waterloo Bridge the other afternoon, watching the argosies of British commerce passing swiftly to and fro on the water highway of the world, feeling pride in the spectacle, yet regret that a parsimonious and pusillanimous Government permitted these vessels to venture afar without any protection. Here were trim, taut steamers, with low hulls and rakish funnels, bound with fifty or sixty human lives, and at least a dozen or two of bottled beer, for Pimlico Pier. There larger craft, but still built in the same beautiful lines, were preparing for further and more dangerous journeys; the passengers on which were fully prepared for the time and difficulties before them, for while some, braving the fierce high winds which on the calmest day elsewhere for ever swirl and sway round the Cathedral of St. Paul, were purchasing boxes of fuses, so as not to be dependent on the fickle match for their ignition of tobacco, others, mindful of the long and weary delays that would inevitably ensue ere they bumped Blackwall Pier, stepped on board with a perfect library in the shape of the day's *Daily Telegraph*. A sight calculated to arouse one's pride, yet at the same time bitter regret, when one thought what havoc, in case of war, a few fast cruisers might inflict on this superb fleet.

I stood not alone regarding this scene. Passionately fond of the sea as I am, ever since my people, calling a spade a spade, had called me a young rake, and had sent me to the Hoe of Plymouth, there to sink or swim, I yet do not monopolise all regard for the ocean, and I soon became aware of a figure by my side contemplating the busy movements of the magnificent vessels. He was an old man, in a faded blue suit, with red half-closed eyes, a bulbous nose, and blotchy cheeks, which at once betrayed his calling. Show me such a man anywhere, and I would at once say that he was accustomed to an ocean—of liquor.

"Purty, ain't it?" he asked, commencing the conversation, and my heart at once warmed towards the old familiar accents which betokened a man acquainted with the three seas. Yes, all the great

seas—the C. C. C. I returned in the affirmative, and he went on:—"But, lawks, what a deal of fuss is made about these 'ere tin kettles, for that they are nothing more or less! Ah, it was a bit different when we had sailing vessels, and didn't know nothing about these 'ere craft. Steam, they says, was in its infancy then. Well, I only wishes that infant had been entrusted to the care of a baby-farm."

Such sentiments, so similar to those which I have promulgated so often in public and private, at once induced me to ask this son of the sea whether he had any objection to join me in a friendly glass. "None whatever: he would join me in several," was his eminently sailorly reply, and then, with the keen true instinct of a mariner who knows upon what little chances his dangerous calling turns, added, "and in smokes." So saying, he led the way to a neighbouring hostelry frequented by seamen, the very name of which, "The Romanocian," smacked of the sea. And those who were refreshing themselves within spoke in nautical phrases, alluding to having been half seas over the night before, and of having had a storm with their wives, and of feeling perfect wrecks this day; their favourite hero and heroine were *Captain Crosstree* and *Dolly Mayflower*, but as I never once heard the command given, "Starboard," so did I never hear anyone order "Port."

Having placed refreshments before and within my friend, he commenced,—

"They scientific coves and folks up at the Admiralty talks about the superior rate of progression that is obtained nowadays by steam. But it makes one ill to hear them a going on. Now how long do you suppose it takes one of them vessels to get down to Southend Pier?"

I answered—"Five, six, seven hours, as the case might be."

"Exactly. There you have it in a moment with your calculating figure-head. Well, I have sailed it—sailed it in three-quarters of an hour! You may well look surprised; but what I am telling you's Gospel truth. It is some many years ago now, and there's me and my mate, JOE BLOCKLEY, one of the smartest lads that ever handled a tiller or a till—rather too smart, the Judge, a land-lubbing chap in a wig, said over the latter job as he give him two with,—and he

## MOCK HEROICS WITH A VENGEANCE!

*Post (piping)—*

OF ROCHEFORT's wrath, to England direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, Gutter-Goddess, sing!  
That wrath nor sense nor justice can restrain,  
Roused by the death of PAIX, untimely slain,  
Whose limbs unburied on the Nile's sad shore  
Dog KITCHENER and vulture WOLSELEY tore.  
Since hulking AJAX with Thersites strove,  
There never was so great a row, by Jove!  
How rise the frenzied howls, the feline squalls  
(Which euphemistic *Temps* "polemic" calls)  
The heaven-assaulting oaths (which none will heed)  
That SALISBURY shall fall and LYONS bleed;  
The wailings womanish, the yells hysterical,  
Moved by suspicious mad and hopes chimerical!  
Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour  
Sprung the fierce strife, commenced the foul mud-shower;  
How rowdy ROCHEFORT foul contagion spread,  
And half the Paris Press went off its head!

*Muse (interrupting)—*

Not if I know it, Bardling. Nay, not I!  
Excuse me! I have other fish to fry.  
What matter showers of undeserved abuse,  
Or the fierce hissings of a frantic goose?  
Egregious HENRI, of the addled brain,  
May curse BRITANNIA or myself in vain.  
We may be, like *Aeneas*, "forced by fate,"  
But not by baby-ROCHEFORT's babbling hate!

## A Short Way with Voters.

"C. S. M.," writing to the *Times*, says he would "legalise bribery to the extent of making it lawful to pay a Voter not to vote," on the ground that "A man who is willing to accept such a bribe is unfit to have a vote." This would be "buying off the barbarians" with a vengeance, and suggests novel developments in legislation. "Your money or your Vote—which will you have?" says the Candidate, in effect, to a possible elector, and the latter's choice decides his electoral fitness, and, possibly, the chance of the would-be M.P. Whether he who accepts such an offer should be paid for being unfit, or whether he who makes it is fit to "have the Vote," of those who are not bought off, are questions which "C. S. M." does not tackle. Perhaps our new electoral Daniel will "come to judgment" again.

sailed from London Bridge one day in one of the liveliest craft that ever gladdened the eyes of a real, genuine salt. (Certainly I will, and enough after that.) Well, we weren't long in getting into the Pool. But the Pool ain't what it was, is it, Sir?"

Seeing it was expected of me, I answered in the negative. "Pool!" he continued; "Pool! I remember when one could pick 'em up at thirty shillings a time, and last night I had to divide one of four-and-six. But to get back to the voyage. As soon as we got into the Pool, we saw that for the best part of our voyage, which was to Barking Creek, we should have a head-wind. Not that we cared, for we were, as I said before, in one of the tautest crafts that was ever afloat. From her upper stern-piece to her transom she was a marvel. When she had got her moonraker, her lee-brails, and her stanchions all afloat, you couldn't have imagined a prettier sight, and than her jib-halliards and her trysail no better lines ever cut through the water. But then we were almost a-calm. JOE cast anxious looks at the compasses—the Goat and Compasses, for he owed a small score there, and was afraid that they might put off in a boat and ask for it, but we were spared that danger by getting under the weather-bow of a coal-barge who had lost her spinnaker-boom in a late gale. Still we got no forarder. We was a-sitting idly there, and thinking maybe how foolish we had been to leave our homes, for sailors think at times, when suddenly we felt a shock.

"What's that?" sang out I. "How the devil should I know?" sung out he; and with this mutual confidence I leant forward aft to see what it was, but in a moment afterwards I was in the bottom of the boat, and we were tearing down the river far quicker than even in my wildest dreams I had believed it possible to go. Talk of steamers—bah! Talk of railway trains—we beat one which was going down to Erith by ten miles in eleven. Lawks, I confess now how frightened we both were, for you see there was the wind dead agin us, and there were we going at a rate of speed which I can't think can have been less than seventy knots an hour.

"Everything, of course, going agin a head-wind at this rate was carried away, off flew our boom, away in the air went the gaff, over went the companion. How things did fly past us. Say Jack Robinson! and we was at Greenhithe, we had not time to yell when we had cut an emigrant ship in two, and down she went with all hands. Eh, it would have been a pitiful sight could we have seen it, for the poor folks had all their little worldly possessions on board, it being just before quarter-day, and they a-moving all their possessions unbeknown to their Landlord, from Gravesend over to Tilbury in Essex, but we was down Long Reach pretty nigh before we were through the two halves of the dinghy, for such was the rig of the emigrants' ship, then the Chapman and the Mucking Lights, like the two posts of a narrow gate, and Southend Pier was right upon us.

"So rapid had been our flight, that the breath was knocked right out of JOE, and he fell heavily on the tiller, shoving it hard a-starboard. That saved our lives. The boat slowly obeyed the helm, and a slant of air coming from the Medway drove us straight on to Leigh shore. It is not often that a sailor cares for a lee-shore; but if ever two men did bless one, those two men were JOE and myself. We gazed at each other silently, and I could see JOE's face was all white and strained as if with great pain, which, seeing as how he had hit the tiller with his funny bone, was not to be wondered at. As for myself, I don't know how I looked. Certainly, one doesn't get tippie like it every day, but I didn't feel so comfortable as I do now.

"What water is there?" I asked JOE, hoarsely. I know it was hoarsely, having done little for a week before but spend the profits of our last cruise on gin. "Three foot," he answered.

"Thank Heavens!" I could not help exclaiming, for I knew that we only drew six inches, and were safe when we struck, but not hard, as one would on a beach, but soft, as on the mud. We both jumped overboard as we were, and examined the keel of our craft from the vangs to the buntlines. And what do you think it was all about, this 'ere sailing express against the wind, and striking when we had no business to strike?" I could give no guess, enthralled as I had been in this tale of the sea.

"Why, the weather had been a bit stormy for some time, which always drives birds and fishes up the river. And what we hit in the Pool was a whopping big porpoise. The keel of our boat was a bit gone, and the iron had got entangled with that porpoise's fins, and he had had to drag us the whole way down. Swims fast they always do; with the agony of the pain he swam doubly quick. We took him ashore easy enough, for he was spent now, and each of us had a pair of boots made out of his skin, which mine only went to be soled and heeled last Tuesday, or I would show them to you as a proof of my story. So when folks talk of steam, I think of my ride on a porpoise, which I have never told anyone before, and don't fancy I shall find anybody likely to listen to me again. Good day, Sir."

"Good day!" And I sat pondering over the strange weird adventures encountered by men of the sea, just as other guests didn't sit, but stood up and walked about, profanely wondering why the disappearance of my old truthful salt had been simultaneous with the disappearance of their umbrellas and walking-sticks!

## THE AMATEUR YACHTSMAN.

*A Nautical Song of the Period.*



I'm bad when  
at Sea, yet  
it's pleasant  
to me  
To charter a  
Yacht and go  
sailing,

But please understand I ne'er lose sight of land,  
Though hardier sailors are railing.  
If only the ship, that's the Yacht, wouldn't dip,  
And heel up and down and roll over,  
And wobble about till I want to get out,  
I'd think myself fairly in clover.

But, bless you! my craft, though the wind is abaft,  
Will stagger when meeting the ripple,  
Until a man feels both his head and his heels  
Reversed as if full of his tippie.  
In vain my blue serge when from seas we emerge,  
Though dressed as a nautical dandy;  
I can't keep my legs, and I call out for "pegs"  
Of rum, or of soda and brandy.

A Yacht is a thing, they say, fit for a king,  
And still it is not to my liking;  
My short pedigree does not smack of the Sea,—  
I can't pose a bit like a Viking.  
It's all very well when there isn't a swell,  
But when that comes on I must toddle  
And go down below, for a bit of a blow  
Upsets my un-nautical noddle.

BRITANNIA may rule her own waves,—I'm a fool  
To try the same game, but, believe me,  
Though catching it hot, yet to give up my "Yot"  
Would certainly terribly grieve me.  
You see, it's the rage, like the Amateur Stage,  
Or Coaching, Lawn-Tennis, or Hunting;  
So, though I'm so queer, I go Yachting each year,  
And hoist on the Solent my bunting.

### Strictly Impartial.

A CASUAL Correspondent sends us the following extract from the Gloucester Citizen:—

"LOUISA SANDERS, of Mitre Street, was charged, &c., &c.—P.C. CRIFFS proved the case, and was sent to prison for seven days."

We omit the particulars charged against LOUISA SANDERS, as, whatever it was, the unfortunate Policeman CRIFFS had to suffer for it. In future he will think twice before proving a charge.

SUGGESTION FOR COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERT PROGRAMME.—Out of compliment to the vicinity of Mud-Saled Market, play the Overture to *Muck-beth*. Pity that to conduct it you haven't got a second Signor COSTER.



WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER!

## THE IRREPRESSIBLE TOURIST.

"Oh, where shall we go?" That's the annual cry  
Of your regular commonplace Tourist. Then why  
Should this Tourist of Tourists not raise it?  
A right thorough-going, untiring globe-trotter,  
No poor Paterfamilias he just to potter,  
No *ARRY* whose verdict is "*Margit's my motter!*"  
No Matron long balanced 'twixt colder and hotter.

The world is his home. He surveys it,  
Like *Pistol* of old, as his oyster, a thing  
To be opened up, prior to gulping. His fling  
He must have, our unlimited Tourist.  
Attired, like a gentleman taking the air,  
In a suit of check dittos, the usual pair  
Of long-sighted *lorgnons*, perusing with care  
His guide-books and maps, take a look at him there  
As *Autolykus* sharp though—to doubt it who'll dare?—

With motives the highest and purest.  
Still, if any small "unconsidered trifles"  
Of land lie about, which one's rum and one's rifles  
May help to "snap up," why, one's scruples one stifles,  
Or how would the world get along?

In the race of land-grabbing 'tis fatal to lag,  
The last in the field get the least of the swag.  
No prior possessor who lets his tongue wag,  
No "harmless Hidalgo" uplifting a flag,  
No friend of humanity—wanting a gag—  
Who prattles of right and of wrong.

May stop that grave goddess called "National Progress,"  
Whom pruders and precisians regard as an ogress,  
But whose most majestic stride,  
In spite of all humanitarian rumpuses,  
Is steady and sweeping as *HADRIAN's* "compasses."

Our Tourist looks forth far and wide,  
Like *Little Billee* from the main-top, and "spots"  
Most "commanding" sites, most "desirable" lots,  
Charming "sea-side resorts," many snug "building-plots,"  
And he says, with a confident smile, and

A wink of the eye, "I'm prospecting! I see  
There's still many a place will do nicely for me,  
Full many a land-nook as snug as can be,  
And many a tight little island.  
Where shall I go next? Well my excellent friends  
My reply to your query must be 'That depends!'  
I have catholic tastes, and to further my ends  
I may have to be rather ubiquitous.  
I'm not at all greedy, you've all had your share.  
I come in for the scraps, what my neighbours can spare,  
Just a little bit here and a little bit there,  
Can anything be *less* iniquitous?"  
Why no, to be sure, there is room for us all,  
To check the stout Teuton *JOHN BULL* has no call,  
But—those who are blindest are nearest a fall,  
And those who see sharpest securest.  
Trespass? A game he, of course, will not try on,  
And *therefore* won't mind if the old British Lion  
Should keep a quite friendly but vigilant eye on  
This most Irrepressible Tourist!

## OUT OF THE WEY!

THAT pretty little stream, the Wey, is, it appears, earning the name of "the Styx of Surrey." That is a pity. Many a disciple of old *ISAAC* has passed many a happy hour watching the "bobbing of the float" in the bright river that meanders through the green Surrey meadows—though sometimes that delightful "bob" is somewhat spoilt by the neighbouring "tanner," with his ancient but not fish-like (or fish-like) savour.

"There were three jolly Anglers, they  
Went fishing for the roach on the banks of the Wey.  
And they went down to supper at the sign of the 'Parrot,'  
And they had boiled beef without any carrot,"

as we once heard a trio of warbling Waltonians piping pleasantly as they plodded towards Guildford. Where there's a will there's a way, and the will of the genial Guildfordites ought to be to make *their* Wey clean and clear—though straight it can never be, thanks to sweet Nature's happy love of the serpentine.





## THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" TOURIST.

B-EM-ROCK, "H'M!—HA!—WHERE SHALL I GO NEXT?"







## SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

SEA COMING IN RAPIDLY. ONLY ONE HORSE TO DRAG THEM ALL UP. WHAT ARE YOU TO DO?

## "A ONE-GUNNER."

(By the Old Salt, Peter.)

"SHIVER my Timbers!" was, of yore,  
 JACK's usual imprecation,  
 When wooden walls fenced England's shore  
 'Gainst every foreign nation.  
 But heart-of-oak by ironclads  
 Has since been superseded;  
 So now then, "Pierce my Plates!"  
 tight lads,  
 Sing out, when song is needed.  
 For, with some pounds of dynamite,  
 We're told, a shell, boys, loaded,  
 When 'gainst a vessel fired aright,  
 Is by the shock exploded.  
 Slap, bang, the thickest armour-  
 cost  
 A gap, through, crashes wide in.  
 Therefore, if not ashore, afloat,  
 May JACK shout, "Smash my  
 Side in!"

A boat with but a single gun  
 Will be in a position  
 To send a *Minotaur*, at one  
 Long shot, to swift perdition.  
 Right down she goes, all hands  
 are lost,  
 The waves above them whirling;  
 And oh, my Lords, but count the  
 cost:  
 Some half a million sterling!  
 Oh, think of that, as you intend  
 To strengthen England's Navy,  
 Lest you build ships but to descend  
 To JONES whom JACK names  
 DAVY.  
 One trial, e'en might test the  
 fact;  
 Its proof needs no haranguer;  
 Whether, as vouched for, 'tis  
 exact,  
 Or that bomb all a "banger."

## JUST ANOTHER SNIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "J. B. G.," wrote to the *Times* to show that in Mud Salad Market everything that is possible to be done has been, in his opinion, done, and that Covent Garden is as near an Eden as anything in this metropolitan world can be. He did not deny that "during the day the market is, more or less, strewn with vegetable matter"—evidently to him a mere trifle. But he airily adds, "If strangers to the neighbourhood were to visit it after business is over, they would be surprised at its cleanliness, and on Sundays they would not know the place."

Yes, only "strangers to the neighbourhood" would be likely to visit

it "after business is over," and then they wouldn't come a second time in a hurry. "On Sundays they would not know the place"—how could they, if they were "strangers?" But visit it during business hours, be there on any Friday night and Saturday morning, or on most mornings for the matter of that, and how the stranger will revel in the delights with which three out of his five senses will be regaled. How pleased he will be to be detained in this Garden of sweet odours by the obstructing carts, specially if his Cabman has chosen this route as the shortest and quickest between anywhere and a Railway Station. How full of charming excitement, too, is the attempt at landing at any of the Hotel-doors, and what a store of fun may be laid by for pantomime time from the presence of vegetable slides on the pavement. And on the ornaments of speech!

"The refuse of the market is swept up and carted away every evening," says this same letter-writer to the *Times*. So it ought to be. But where is it carted to? Bedford Street? Garrick Street? and some of the other favoured streets round about, to await parochial action? Mud-salad may be very nice for late breakfast or early lunch, but Mr. Punch, speaking from experience of having had it occasionally served up under his bold Roman nose, is inclined to fancy that a great liking for the delicacy must be quite an acquired taste. Luckily, Mr. Punch can "hold his own" anywhere, and he did (as regards his nose) on these occasions. But could he hold his peace?

The Duke, we hear, is going to enlarge the Garden—some of the old hotels are coming down. Good—but will enlarging the Garden diminish the nuisance? If fruit, flowers, and vegetables must be mixed, trouble the space, and let the market be carried on under such conditions as will make one condition—its present one—impossible.

There has been, we are glad to hear, some improvement. Fortunately indeed is it that there is no epidemic; but we can answer for one thing, in view of the letters we receive from "round and about that quarter," that there are no end of "complaints."

## A Cry from Kent.

PROSPERITY'S fled from our gardens and grounds;  
 How spindly our vines and how scanty our crops!  
 Wealth may be "advancing by leaps and by bounds,"  
 It certainly isn't by *Hops*!



## A NEW CAREER.

[It would seem to be true, then, what we read in the Papers, about Lord Napier of Magdala and others concerting measures for the employment of Officers retired from the Army.]

*Visitor (at the Northsea Hotel).* "HOW IS THIS, WAITER! CAN'T I HAVE MY BOOTS PROPERLY CLEANED HERE?"

*Waiter.* "VERY SORRY, SIR. 'THE BOOTS' BEING AWAY FOR HIS 'OLIDAY, THE RETIRED GENERAL OFFICER——"

*Visitor (losing patience).* "CONFOUND THE GENERAL!—HE OVERLOOKED MY CHOP YESTERDAY—BUT DOES HE CLEAN THE——"

*Waiter.* "MASTER SAYS, SIR, AS THE GENERAL IS A RUIN' OF US!—HE COMES 'ERE WITH A FUR'-RATE RECOMMENDATION FROM THE DOOK—HE CAN'T WAIT AT TABLE, 'CAUSE HE WILL TALK!—THEN MASTER GIVES HIM THE PLATE TO CLEAN, BUT HE SCRATCHES THE SPOONS AN' SPOILS THE SILVER, AN' NOW THERE'S YOUR BOOTS."—(A crash is heard.)—"THERE, SIR! I LEFT HIM A SCRUBBIN' THE 'ALL-LAMP—I DO BELIEVE HE'S GONE AN' BROKE——"

[Rushes off!]

## THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

SEVERAL of my friends and me has just got votes for the fust time, and as we don't know what on earth to do with 'em, we have all agreed to write to you, as the People's true friend, to ask for your kind advice on the matter.

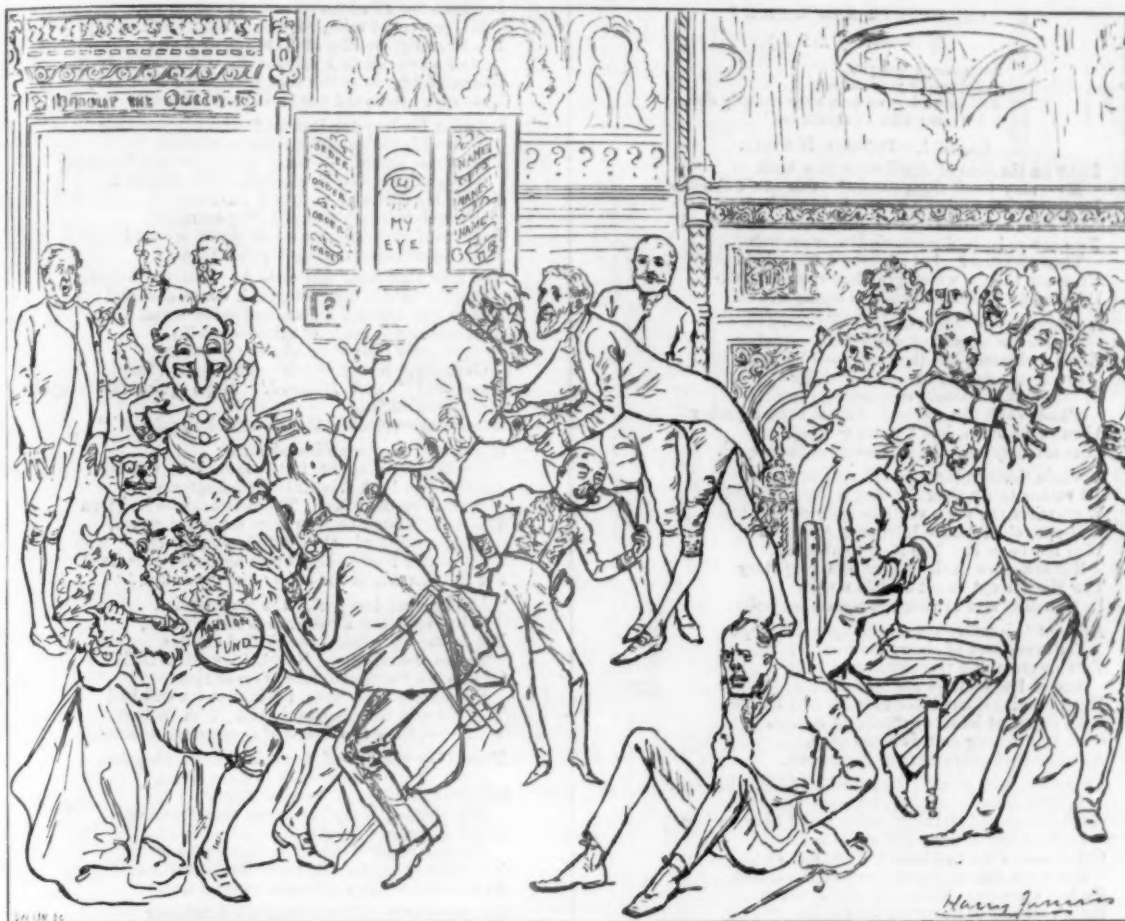
There's two gentlemen a coming round among us, as polite as you please, and a telling of us that it all depends upon us, and such as us, whether we are all to be so much better off than we was afore, or ever so much worse. The first one is our Squire, and he tells us that the late Government has brought things to that pass that all the Landlords and many of the Farmers of the Country is all a being ruined, and that the only thing to save them and enable them to raise our wages, is to put a tax upon Foreign Corn and Foreign Meat. But when we labourers gets a talking together, we don't see as there's much signs of ruin up at the Hall, and if our wages are only a going to be raised if bread and meat is to be made dearer, we don't see that we shall be much bettered by that, but we think we see who will. Then comes the other Gent, who's a stranger to us, and he tells us that up to the present time the Landlords have had all the plums out of the pudding that our labour makes the land produce, and left us only just enough of the remainder to keep body and soul together, which we know by bitter experience to be about true, and that if the land will not produce three profits, of which the Landlords have the Lion's share, it will certainly produce two, of which the Labourer must have one, for though it is quite possible to do without Landlords, it's quite impossible to do without us. And he tells us something as makes us open our eyes as well as our ears, and that is, that a Mr.

KING has tried a experiment on a Farm in Wiltshire, which is something like this. He took a Farm of about 400 acres, that was out of cultivation, at about 18/s. per acre rent, and he let the Labourers choose two of their number to manage the Farm with his Bailiff, and he stocked the Farm for them, and he told them that the first charge on the Farm should be their wages, and the second charge should be the rent, and the third charge should be a fair interest on the cost of stocking the Farm, and that anything left should be divided among them; and at the end of the year they each of them received seven golden sovereigns, and each had his goose for Michaelmas Day! And he has since taken another Farm to be managed on the same terms. And he says that the whole secret of his success lies in this one fact: that "no man will work for a master as he will work for himself." And we all says, one and all, that truer words was never spoke by mortal man! It's common sense and it's human nature. We all believe that men don't do it in any other condition of life, and why should Agricultural Labourers at say 14/s. a week be expected to set a sort of angelic example to all the rest of the world? We say at once that they don't, and we may as well add that they won't.

Now then, Sir, we wants you to tell us whether we can trust that what these two gentlemen tells us is true. 1st. Whether if we votes for Squire he will, by getting a tax on Foreign corn and meat, get our wages raised higher than the increased price we shall have to pay for our bread and meat and beer. Secondly. Whether, if we votes for the stranger gent, we shall ever have the opportunity of so improving our condition, by getting, besides our wages, a share of what the land will produce in consequence of our harder and heartier and willing labour, as to make our lives much more worth living than they are now, by the knowledge that we shall have something to



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 17.



THE INS AND OUTS AT THE SPEAKER'S LEVEE. A RETROSPECT.

look forward to at the end of every year, which would most likely enable us to put by a few pounds for a rainy day.

We are told that though you devote yourself principally to fun and good-natured chaff, that on serious matters you can be as serious as Parson himself, and this is a very serious question indeed for thousands of us poor fellows, which we ask you to be kind enough to answer.

Signed for self and friends,

A AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

*Mr. Punch's Reply.*

FELLOW LABOURERS!

MR. PUNCH is much pleased that you should have sought his advice under the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed.

Mr. Punch eschews mere Party Politics. But your questions soar into a far higher region, namely, the consideration of the comparative prosperity and contentment of the millions of men who devote their lives to the cultivation of the soil of our beloved country. An ordinary Judge generally declines to give his reasons for his judgment, but as Mr. Punch is the one Judge from whose decisions there is no appeal, he gives his unanswerable reasons for his irrevocable judgment.

1st. If not only your Squire, but all the Squires in the United Kingdom were to be made Members of Parliament, they would be utterly unable to put a Tax upon the Food of the People without creating a revolution.

So your Squire's statement is mere bunkum, and is not therefore to be believed.

Secondly. Mr. Punch has inquired into the interesting account of the experiment of the Patriot King, and has every reason to believe in its truth. And as what he has done, others, under

similar conditions, can do, the Stranger, if elected, will, it is to be hoped, imitate the example he has praised so highly, and go and do likewise.

If, therefore, your inquiries lead you to place implicit trust in the Stranger, then there can be no question as to which way your true interest should prompt you to vote.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street.

*Mem. for Holiday Makers.*

Do you wish pale London waifs shall, for a season,  
By the sea or midst the meadows green be sunned?  
Lose no time then in dispatching cash—in reason—  
Unto "THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND."  
MR. SAMUEL A. BARNETT, will himself, I  
Am persuaded take your money with delight;  
So to No. 1 in Adam Street, Adelphi,  
Let each kindly children-lover send his mite.

*Odde and Even.*

It was wired from Christiania that Mr. GLADSTONE had arrived at Odde, and visited the "Sjaggedalsfors." What is the pronunciation of this word in Norwegian As She Is Spoke? Very Odde-looking. But no doubt, with his usual love of impartiality, our Mr. GLADSTONE turned his attention to both sides, and, having exhausted the Sjaggedalsfors, gave up an equal amount of time to the "Sjaggedals-against," and reserved his judgment.

# FITZDOTTEREL; OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,  
Supposing you was me,  
And supposing we both was somebody else,  
I wonder who we should be."

## CANTO I.—POISSONS D'AVRIL.

BORN on the first of April were they both,  
My—may I call them heroes? Our tale's threshold  
Presents a stumbling-block. I should be loth  
To seem invidious! May one fiction's mesh hold  
Two heroes! Is Romance's law of growth  
Thus violated? Let me take a fresh hold  
Upon my theme, which promises some trouble—  
Hippocrène sometimes leads to seeing double

As well as mere "four-half."—To carry on  
A sentence thus from one verse to another  
Looks awkward, but the business I'm upon  
Involves a deal of incidental bother  
Of that sort. I would emulate Byron.  
(Please shift the accent.) Critics raise a pother  
About *Don Juan*, but I mean to equal  
That masterpiece. You'll see it in the sequel.

A whole three-volume Novel writ in rhyme  
I rather think should crown a Bard with glory.  
WHITLECRAFT's wit shall be eclipsed this time,  
*Beppo*, old PULCI's *Morgante Maggiore*  
Will not be in it. The idea's sublime,  
But somehow in the course of a long story  
The Muse is apt to get a little murky  
In meaning, and in measure somewhat jerky.

And yet this metre gives such splendid scope  
For every sort of showy cleverness;  
Tart epigram and transcendental trope;  
And if I sometimes get into a mess  
With limping-lame line-endings, still I hope  
To make, at least, as shining a success  
Of novel-writing on this novel plan,  
As with the Government of Hindostan.

Therefore, here goes! Where was I? Oh, I know:  
April was hovering 'twixt a smile and tear,  
(That's new and striking) when death hovered low  
Betwixt two cradles and a single bier.  
Old *Janua Vitæ* had been huffed, and so  
His mood was at the moment rather queer.  
He has a temper, *Mors*, and if you vex it  
He's very apt to hurry on your exit.

'Tis best to be on pleasant terms with him.  
Or with your plans he plays at pitch-and-toss;  
Politeness costs you little—'tis his whim.  
*Ave, te salutamus Thanatos!*

Comes very easy. If my meaning's dim,  
And you to catch my drift are at a loss,  
Know that—in verse—you can't get through a story  
Without some Latin and much allegory.

Death is like Woman, wanton and capricious,  
In fact I think those artists mediæval  
In making *Mors* a male were injudicious.  
Mighty is Art, but one must not receive all  
Its types and figures, howsoever delicious,  
Without investigation. I believe all  
The naughty tricks Mortality plays the Human  
Confirm my theory—that Death's a Woman!

One of the babes above referred to sprang  
From an old race with this peculiarity;  
It was its changeless destiny to *Hang!*—  
A most unenviable racial rarity.  
It seemed a gallows shame—that sounds like slang!—  
For one may say, with no great stretch of charity,  
Scarce more than half of them entirely merited  
The dismal destiny they all inherited.

Many an old FITZDOTTEREL no doubt  
Deserved to dance on nothing, and exhibit  
His struggling form, amidst the Mob's mad shout,  
On Tudor scaffold or on Georgian gibbet;  
But caught like *ABSOLOM*? lassoed by a scout?  
Choked by a necktie which had charmed *BEAU TIBBET*?  
These—all FITZDOTTEREL endings—seemed to be  
Exceedingly bad jokes of Destiny!

So thought old EDELWEISS, a learned Teuton,  
Who made heredity his favourite study.  
Invited once FITZDOTTEREL moors to shoot on,  
His powers of miss, his visage round and ruddy,  
His learning, worthy of LAPLACE or NEWTON,  
And a sweet knack of brewing whiskey-toddy,  
Endeared him so to the then heir, Lord ROMILLY,  
That ever afterward the two loved chummily.

Between his love for ROMILLY, and his yearning  
To see his philosophic theories verified,  
EDELWEISS halted. Strange that Love and Learning  
Antagonise. The Teuton was quite terrified  
To feel his curiosity keen and burning  
(By self-reproach's flagellation scarified)  
To learn if ROMILLY too would *hang*, contend  
With his affection for his "noble friend."

And now that point was settled. ROMILLY's throat  
Caught by a falling telegraph wire—enough!  
EDELWEISS dropped a tear, and made a note;  
(Humanity is made of mingled stuff.)  
In that same hour the Lady GILDAGHOAT  
Gave birth to a new heir. The Teuton tough  
Murmured "*Ach Himmel!*" Hope grim fate, mayn't  
trouble 'em.

But *Donnerkeitter!*—this renews the problem!"

It did, and in a complicated form;  
For that same night, in the same Inn, was born  
Another boy! A frightful thunderstorm  
Broke o'er the town. The Nurses, who had torn  
The infants from their cradles snug and warm,  
Hid in a cellar! On the following morn  
They sallied forth, cheeks pale and wild eyes fixed.  
For in their fright the babies had got mixed!

"An old stock incident," the reader cries.  
Why, yes; but a romance is like a salad,  
Not in the ingredients the skilled art lies,  
But in the mixing. Novel, Play, Bab-Ballad  
Of this most commonplace of mysteries  
Have made their use; I felt that I a call had  
To show how Genius handled it. I'm twitted  
With—(Here two hundred stanzas are omitted!)

True, they are full of fine mixed lore; they hop  
From CLEOPATRA's cheek to ZOROASTER,  
Skip from Biology to learned BOPE,  
But Genius, though of many things a master,  
Seems ignorant of one thing—where to stop.  
For one small edifice of lath and plaster  
Ten miles of scaffolding sense should not ask,  
So here the scissors ply their needful task.)

But to resume. FITZDOTTEREL's fated heir  
And an old German Socialist's last son,  
Both born in the same hour, a storm, a scare!—  
Sure, here's material for mystery, fun,  
And high romance! Well, all shall have their share  
As well I hope to prove ere I have done,  
Say, in six books and seven hundred pages,  
(Cut down at times, like trees or workmen's wages!)

## Our Odd Whimbleton.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—"Interiors and Exteriors, No. 16." The term for guessing the names of the figures in this "pictorial key," expired on Saturday, the 22nd, inclusive. The result of the shooting will be duly announced, and the prize awarded for the most successful shots.

A HINT.—The Shipowners of all nationalities have made a representation to their several Ministers in Egypt with respect to the light-dues at present levied by the Egyptian Government. Surely, they ought to be satisfied with light dues, unless they can get them made lighter. But better leave well alone.

OUR JOE CHAMBERLAIN—Partner JOE—is still bent on saving life at sea. He must get his facts all right, or he'll find himself at sea, which we should much regret. To him will be applied that line about the sheer hulk, *Tom Bouline*, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be known as "The darling of his screw."

WHAT intimate connection is there between the Lungs of London and the Lights of the Metropolis.



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